



NO.54 AUG.-SEPT.

TEN CENTS



BATMAN

In This Issue: ACTION! MYSTERY! SUSPENSE!

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

"The
Amazing
Masquerade"

"THE
DOOR
WITHOUT
A
KEY"

"The
Treasure
Hunter"



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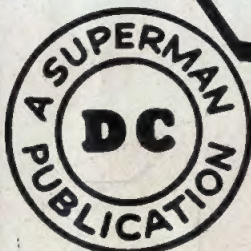
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FOR THIS
FAMOUS
SYMBOL!



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IN THE TOP
MAGAZINES!

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Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

BOB KANE

MEN WILL STEAL DIAMONDS... FURS... MONEY... BUT WHO WOULD STEAL A **TOOTHPICK**... OR A **BUTTON**? ONLY ONE MAN IN GOTHAM CITY... A MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL! YES, HE HUNTED PECULIAR OBJECTS, INDEED... AND HE IN TURN WAS HUNTED BY **BATMAN**! YOU'LL MEET HIM AND HIS STRANGE TROPHIES IN...

"The TREASURE HUNTER!"

EVERY ONE OF THESE... **RARE TREASURES**... AND THEY'RE MINE! I'LL NEVER GIVE THEM UP... NEVER!

TREASURE ISLAND

BUTTONS

TOOTHPICKS



SOME CASES HAVE STRANGE BEGINNINGS! LIKE THIS ONE...

HELP! POLICE!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
SOMEBODY STOLE
MY TOOTHPICK!

DID HE SAY—
TOOTHPICK?

BUT, MISTER
JENNINGS,
YOU
CAN BUY A BOX
OF TOOTHPICKS
FOR A FEW
CENTS!

INDEED HE DID...

THIS ONE WAS
MADE OF **GOLD**...
ENCRUSTED WITH **GEMS**!
RICH SPORTS USED EXPENSIVE
TOOTHPICKS IN THE **GAY**
NINETIES! MY HOBBY IS
COLLECTING THEM!

TOOTHPICK
ONCE
OWNED BY
DIAMOND
JIM BRADY

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT THE HOME OF CYRUS
PETERS...

HELP! POLICE!
SOMEBODY STOLE
MY **BUTTON**!

SOMEBODY STOLE HIS **BUTTON**
AND HE WAKES UP THE
WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD!

BUT AGAIN IT IS A HOBBYIST WHO
EXPLAINS...

I COLLECT **CAMPAIGN**
BUTTONS! SEE? THE THIEF STOLE
MY RAREST **BUTTON**... USED IN
THE **ADAMS-JEFFERSON**
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN!

ELSEWHERE...IN THE ROOMS OF THE
THIEF WHO IS HIJACKING GOTHAM
CITY'S HOBBYISTS...

TWO RARE
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FOR
ME SO FAR! A VERY FINE
START FOR—THE
TREASURE
HUNTER!

ADAMS
JEFFERSON
CAMPAIGN
BUTTON

TOOTHPICK
ONCE
OWNED BY
DIAMOND
JIM BRADY

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... AT THE HOME OF HOBBYIST
C. C. WEEDE...

A **GIANT** SOUTH SEA
ISLAND CLAM SENT TO ME
FROM AN ANONYMOUS ADMIRER!
IT'S A WELCOME ADDITION TO
MY COLLECTION OF SEA-SHELLS!

EAGERLY, WEEDE CUTS THE BINDING ROPES AND...

THANKS! IT WAS A BIT CRAMPED IN THERE... BUT THE EASIEST WAY TO GET INTO YOUR BURGLAR-PROOF COLLECTION ROOM!

YOU... YOU'RE THE TREASURE HUNTER!

IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT AT THIS MOMENT BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON APPROACH, FOR THEY HAVE BEEN INVITED TO VIEW WEEDE'S COLLECTION...

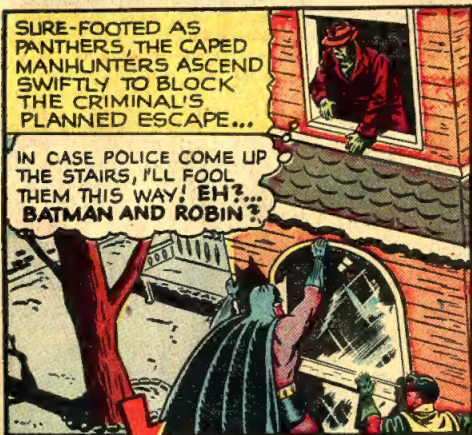
HELP! ROBBERY!

DICK, THAT'S WEEDE'S VOICE! LET'S INVESTIGATE - AS BATMAN AND ROBIN!



SURE-FOOTED AS PANTHERS, THE CAPED MANHUNTERS ASCEND SWIFTLY TO BLOCK THE CRIMINAL'S PLANNED ESCAPE...

IN CASE POLICE COME UP THE STAIRS, I'LL FOOL THEM THIS WAY, EH?... BATMAN AND ROBIN?



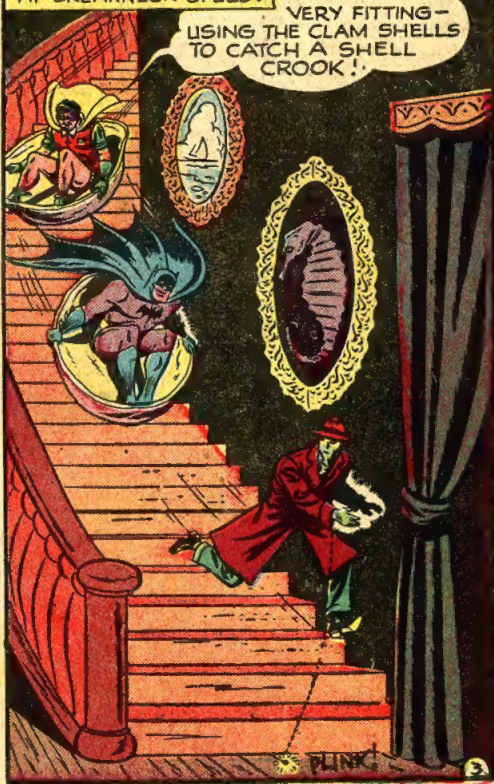
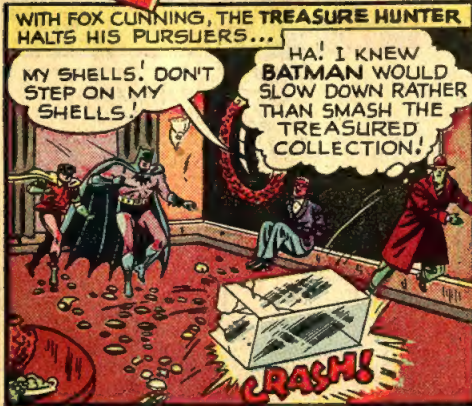
BUT THE CRIMINAL'S LEAD DWINDLES AS THE MANHUNTERS TOBOGGAN DOWN THE STAIRS AT BREAKNECK SPEED!

VERY FITTING - USING THE CLAM SHELLS TO CATCH A SHELL CROOK!

WITH FOX CLUNNING, THE TREASURE HUNTER HALTS HIS PURSUERS...

MY SHELLS! DON'T STEP ON MY SHELLS!

HA! I KNEW BATMAN WOULD SLOW DOWN RATHER THAN SMASH THE TREASURED COLLECTION!



DESPERATE, THE TREASURE HUNTER YANKS A DANGLING DRAPERY ACROSS THE STAIRS, AND...

HA! JUST A SIMPLE CASE OF SHELL SHOCK!

NOT SO LUCKY! "THE GLORY" IS THE FINEST AND RAREST OF SHELLS! LESS THAN 25 SPECIMENS EXIST, AND ALL WERE FOUND OVER A CENTURY AGO!

SUDDENLY, BATMAN RECALLS SOMETHING AND HASTENS TO THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS...

OH DEAR... HE STOLE A SHELL CALLED "THE GLORY OF THE SEA"! SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SHELL!

WHY COMPLAIN! YOU'RE LUCKY HE STOLE ONLY ONE SHELL!

SO THE TREASURE HUNTER WAS AFTER THAT ONE SHELL! CHOOSEY, ISN'T HE?

I KNEW I SAW SOMETHING DROP FROM UNDER THE TREASURE HUNTER'S COAT! HERE IT IS...

WHY, IT'S A LAPEL PIN-WORN BY MEMBERS OF "THE HOBBY HORSE"—A CLUB I BELONG TO AS BRUCE WAYNE!

THE TREASURE HUNTER WORE IT—WHICH MEANS HE'S A MEMBER OF YOUR CLUB, TOO!

THEN BATMAN HAD BETTER FADE OUT AND LET BRUCE WAYNE TAKE OVER THE DETECTIVE WORK FOR A CHANGE!



NEXT DAY... BRUCE WAYNE IS GREETED BY THE STEWARD OF THE "HOBBY HORSE", A CLUB OF COLLECTORS...

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. WAYNE! MAY I TAKE YOUR HAT, SIR?

THANK YOU, CHARLES. ARE THE MEMBERS HERE?



YES, SIR! THEY'RE DISCUSSING THAT NEW BANDIT, **THE TREASURE HUNTER**. YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, OF COURSE...

OH, YES, CHARLES... VAGUELY!



INSIDE THE CLUBROOM...

JENNINGS, PETERS, WEEDE... ALL HAVE BEEN ROBBED BY THE **TREASURE HUNTER**... AND ALL BELONG TO THE SAME CLUB!

THE HOBBY HORSE



CAREFULLY, BRUCE EXAMINES HIS FELLOW MEMBERS AND, AT LAST...

JIM GADE.. THE ONLY MEMBER HERE WHO ISN'T WEARING HIS LAPEL PIN! I WONDER WHY?



WITHOUT AROUSING ANY SUSPICIONS, BRUCE LEADS UP TO THE IMPORTANT QUESTION...

MY CLUB PIN? STRANGE... I WORE IT INTO THE CLUB! I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT SOME PLACE!

PERHAPS AT WEEDE'S HOME LAST NIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, ARMED WITH A SEARCH WARRANT, TWO CLOAKED FIGURES MOVE SWIFTLY UNDER THE DARK OF THE MOON...

ARE YOU SURE GADE IS THE **TREASURE HUNTER**?

I'LL KNOW IF WE FIND THE STOLEN COLLECTORS' ITEMS IN HIS HOUSE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

AS YOU CAN SEE, GADE COLLECTS ALL KINDS OF DRUMS!

WOW! WHAT A TIME A DRUMMER BOY COULD HAVE IN THIS PLACE!

ONLY BATMAN'S TRAINED SIXTH SENSE WARNS HIM AS A MAMMOTH NEW HEBRIDES CEREMONIAL DRUM TOPPLES TOWARD THEM...

ROBIN... I PUSHED HIM JUST IN TIME! HE ONLY GOT A GLANCING BLOW!

'BAH! MISSED BATMAN! THAT MAN'S QUICK AS A CAT!

BOOM!

THEN THE ACRO-BATMAN BOUNDS FORWARD LIKE A CIRCUS TUMBLER...

...TO THIS...

THERE'S NOTHING...

...IF YOU...

...KNOW HOW!

BOOM!

THEN, AS A KNOTTED FIST HAMMERS HIM BACK, THE TREASURE HUNTER FALLS HEAVILY AGAINST A SUSPENDED AFRICAN SIGNAL DRUM...

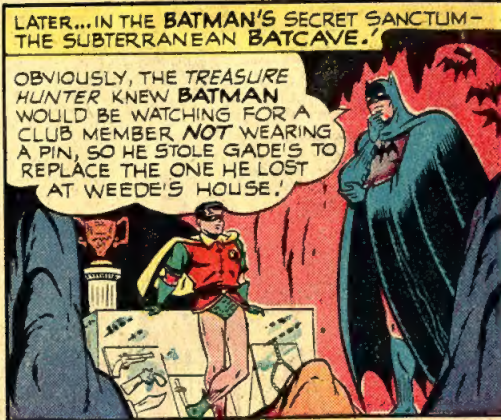
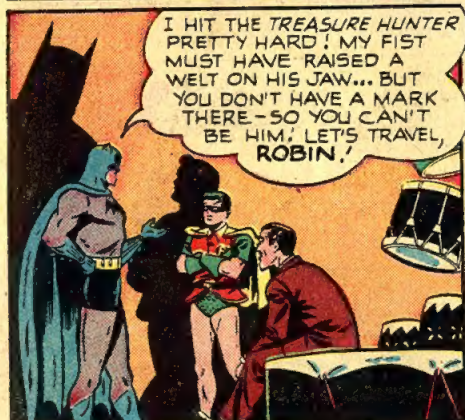
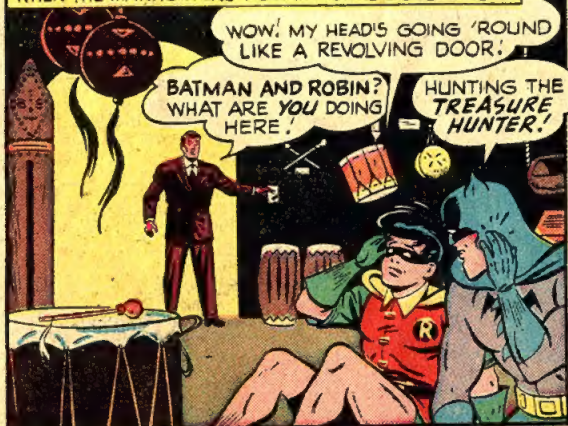
BONK!

THE CRIMINAL DROPS, DAZED... AS THE DRUM MAKES A RETURN SWING—TO THUD AGAINST THE SURPRISED BATMAN!

BONK!

A LUCKY ACCIDENT! NOW I'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE MY LUCK RUNS OUT!

WHEN THE MANHUNTERS REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...



NEXT MORNING, THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS REPEATED AS EACH MEMBER OPENS A PACKAGE AND SEES...



ONE MEMBER RECOGNIZES THE WINGED CREATURE FOR WHAT IT IS...

THE BATMAN'S SYMBOL! HE SENT IT TO TELL ME HE KNOWS MY SECRET... THE SECRET I'VE GUARDED SO CAREFULLY! WHAT CAN I DO?



THEN A NEWSPAPER ITEM SEEMS TO SUPPLY THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM...

SO BATMAN WILL BE THERE! I'LL BE THERE, TOO... BUT MY RIFLE WILL SPEAK FOR ME!



THAT AFTERNOON... AT THE AIRPORT GROUNDS, THE MAYOR SPEAKS...



FIRST BATMAN... THEN ROBIN... AND MY SECRET DIES WITH THEM! THAT BAT EMBLEM ON BATMAN'S CHEST MAKES A PERFECT BULL'S-EYE!



THE GUN CRACKS SHARPLY—AND THE CLOAKED FIGURE DROPS, LIFELESS AS A RAG DOLL!

SO LONG, BATMAN... YOU WERE QUITE A GUY WHILE YOU LASTED!





SUDDENLY A CRANE SWINGS OVER...THE STEAM SHOVEL OPENS AND...

BATMAN!
BUT I SHOT
YOU... THE
FIGURE ON
THE Dais!
AND ROBIN!

JUST DUMMIES
TO LURE YOU OUT!
THE MAYOR COOPER-
ATED WITH MY
PLAN!

LATER... I THOUGHT
I COVERED MY
TRACKS, BUT SOMEHOW
YOU DISCOVERED I COM-
MITTED THE \$100,000
NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY
10 YEARS AGO!

BANK
ROBBERY?

10
YEARS
AGO?

SWIFTLY, ROBIN UNMASKS THE PRISONER...

IT'S WEEDE! HE
COULDN'T BE
THE TREASURE
HUNTER!

YOU THOUGHT I...! NOW I
UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SENT ME
THE BAT! YOU'D NEVER HAVE
KNOWN ABOUT THAT OLD CRIME
IF I HADN'T SPOKEN!

YOU TRICKED ME! BUT YOU'LL
NEVER DO IT AGAIN! I'D RATHER
DIE THAN GO TO PRISON!

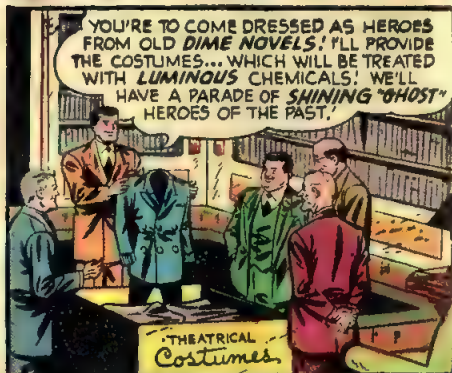
HE'S
JUMPED!

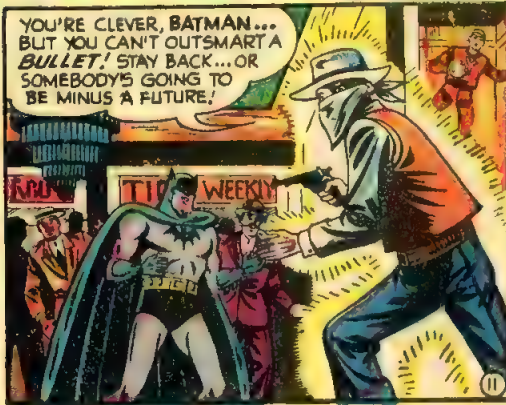
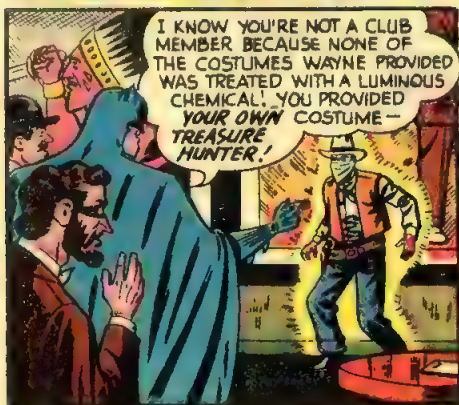
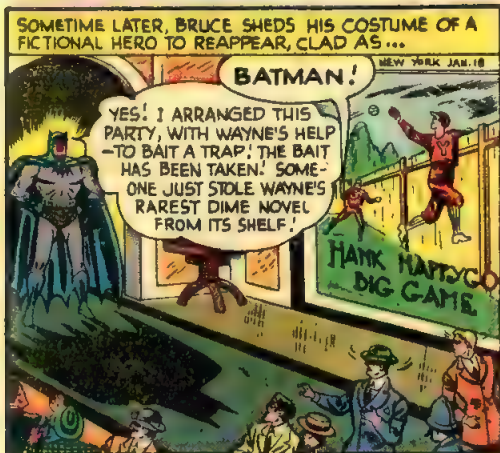
BUT THE JUMP
IS OUT SHORT
AS THE DYNAMIC
DUO MOVES AT
EYE-WINNING
SPEED!

GOT
HIM!

NICE
CATCH!

DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT!
CRIME NEVER STAYS SILENT! IT ALWAYS
SPEAKS—EVEN WITH THE VOICE OF
CONSCIENCE! IT WAS YOUR
CONSCIENCE THAT CONFESSED
YOUR CRIME!





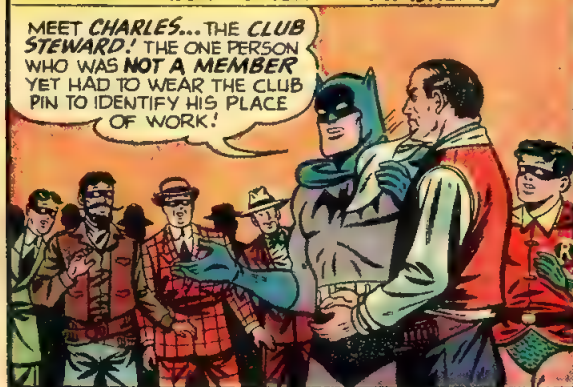
ABRUPTLY, A SECTION OF THE WALLPAPER SPLITS OPEN AS A FAMILIAR FIGURE PLUNGES THROUGH...



WHY...IT'S A WINDOW! YOU HAD THE WINDOW PAPERED OVER TO LOOK LIKE PART OF THE WALL!



THEN...THE TREASURE HUNTER IS UNMASKED!



CHARLES...THE ONE PERSON WHO COULD GET INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT THINGS TO STEAL!



A TRUE COLLECTOR COLLECTS ONLY WHAT HE CAN AFFORD, BECAUSE HE HAS A GENUINE LOVE FOR HIS HOBBY! YOU WERE GREEDY! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN A COLLECTION-OF PRISON CONVICTS!



THAT NIGHT...IN THE BATCAVE, THE BATMAN ADDS A NEW ITEM TO HIS OWN COLLECTION-TROPHIES OF CRIME CASES!



BATMAN AND ROBIN MEAN TOPS IN DETECTIVE THRILLS. THEY ALSO TEAM UP IN WORLD'S FINEST COMICS AND DETECTIVE COMICS.

BOB LEMON

STAR PITCHER
OF WORLD
CHAMPION
CLEVELAND
INDIANS

LEMON'S PITCHING-
HAD HIS WHEATIES

PICKED BY
SPORTING NEWS AS
TOP PITCHER IN AMERICAN
LEAGUE LAST SEASON, LEMON
WAS A TWENTY GAME WINNER.
ADDED TWO MORE VICTORIES IN
WORLD SERIES.

WHO SEZ
PITCHERS CAN'T
HIT!

SWITCHED FROM
OUTFIELD TO PITCHING,
LEMON TOOK BATTING
EYE WITH HIM.
BELTED FIVE HOME
RUNS LAST SEASON!

GEE, NOT
EVEN A
SCRATCH!

YEAH - HE
EATS WHEATIES

LEMON'S AMAZING
RECORD INCLUDED TEN SHUTOUTS
REACHED PEAK WHEN HE TAMED
DETROIT TIGERS WITH BRILLIANT
NO-HIT, NO-RUN PERFORMANCE.

JUST IN CASE---

LEMON WAS HARDEST-WORKING
PITCHER IN AMERICAN LEAGUE.
PITCHED 294 INNINGS-SPARKED
CLEVELAND'S PENNANT DRIVE.
"I CALL ON WHEATIES OFTEN,"
SAYS BOB. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT
FLAKES TASTE SWEET, AND
GIVE YOU REAL NOURISHMENT."

WHEATIES.

BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK
AND FRUIT





THE MAN WHO DESIGNED THE INDIAN HEAD NICKEL EMPLOYED 3 DIFFERENT INDIANS AS MODELS!

GOTTEM HEAP BIG JOB--

INJUN NICKEL!

POSEM FOR--

THE 1822 HALF EAGLE, (A \$5.00 GOLD PIECE) IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE RAREST REGULAR ISSUE COINS OF THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES SERIES! THE COIN CATALOGUES LIST ITS VALUE AT ABOUT \$12,500.00!

AND I'VE GOT ONE RIGHT HERE!

THERE'S A PICTURE OF A KEY ON THE UNITED STATES ONE DOLLAR BILL! CAN YOU FIND IT?

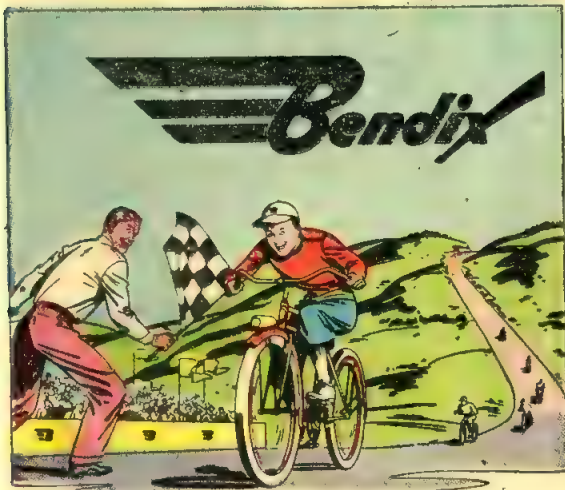
SPEAKING OF TINY COINS, A QUARTER DOLLAR GOLD PIECE MINTED IN CALIFORNIA AROUND 1850 WAS THREE-EIGHTHS OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER!

I LOST IT!

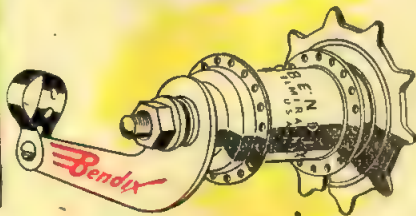
MAYBE IT'S UNDER YOUR FINGER-NAIL!

YOU OWE ME A NICKEL!

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Coaster Brake Wins Again!



Built and tested in the hills of New York State!

That's right! Bendix Coaster Brakes are tested in the hills around our factory—and you should see how high and how steep they are! One test hill is over a mile long, and by the time we get to the bottom our bikes are really flying—though always under perfect control! On the curves, too, Bendix Coaster Brakes work like magic—slow us down

until we're safely around, then let us pick up full speed again in a jiffy! Actual comparisons prove that Bendix coasts farther and faster! Be sure you get a Bendix Coaster Brake.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION OF
ELMIRA, NEW YORK





BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

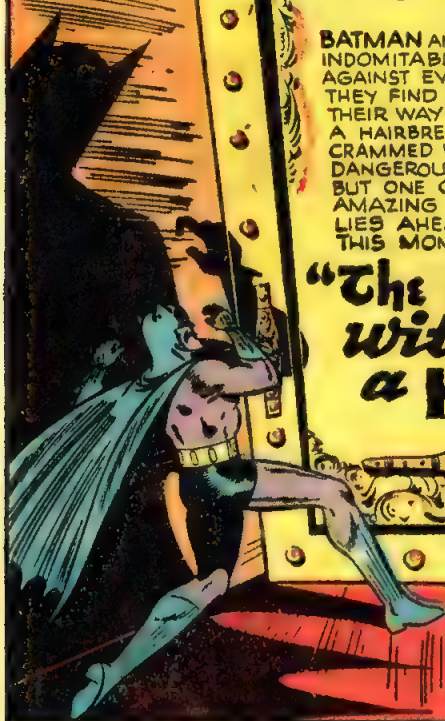
-THE BOY WONDER-

BEWARE

Let no mortal dare
to open this door!

BATMAN AND ROBIN, DOUGHTY,
INDOMITABLE WARRIORS
AGAINST EVIL WHEREVER
THEY FIND IT, HAVE FOUGHT
THEIR WAY THROUGH MANY
A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE,
CRAMMED WITH FANTASTIC,
DANGEROUS HAPPENINGS!
BUT ONE OF THEIR MOST
AMAZING ADVENTURES
LIES AHEAD OF THEM AT
THIS MOMENT-BEHIND-

**"The DOOR
without
a KEY!"**



BOB
KANE

ON A VACATION HIKING TRIP THROUGH THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD DICK GRAYSON FACE AN EMBARRASSING FACT...

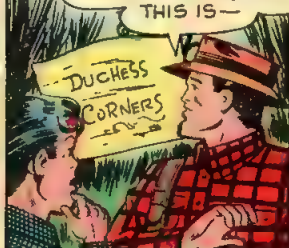
JUST LIKE ANY DUMB TENDERFEET, DICK—WE'RE LOST!

YES, BRUCE! WE'RE AT DUCHESS CORNERS—WHICH SEEMS TO BE EXACTLY NOWHERE



HOLD ON! THAT SIGN! BRUCE, WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE—

YES! LAST YEAR—WHILE CHASING THE DAN MORGAN GANG! WHAT A COINCIDENCE THIS IS—



YES, ONE YEAR BEFORE, BATMAN AND ROBIN FOLLOWED A LONG, CROOKED TRAIL THAT WOUND UP AT...

DUCHESS CORNERS? BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE AROUND HERE, ROBIN—

AND NO SIGN OF DAN MORGAN EITHER! HE'S GIVEN US THE SLIP, BATMAN—SOMEHOW!



THE GANG WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN—AS BRUCE AND DICK RECALL NOW...

WE'LL USE MY COMPASS—KEEP TRAVELLING IN A STRAIGHT LINE—

EMPLOYING BRUCE'S WRIST-COMPASS TO AVOID CIRCLING AIMLESSLY, THE PAIR STRIKES OUT, AND NOT LONG AFTER, SUDDENLY—

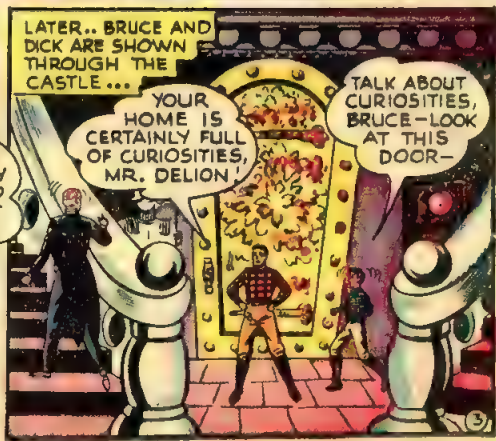
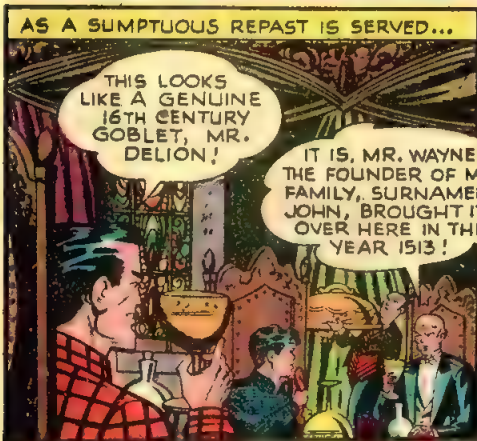
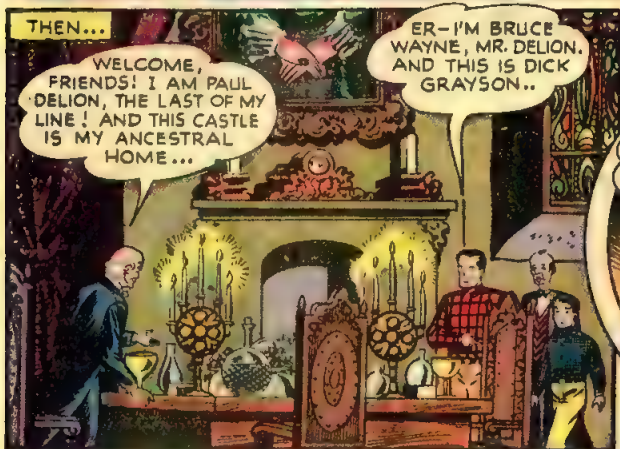
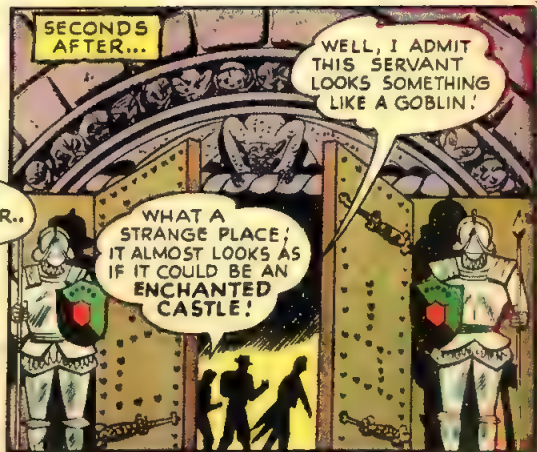
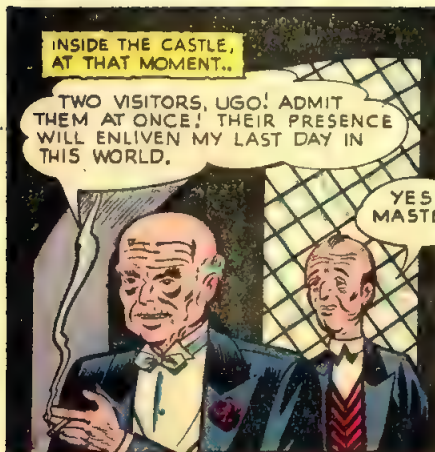
I SAY LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE DISAPPEAR LIKE THOSE CROOKS DID!

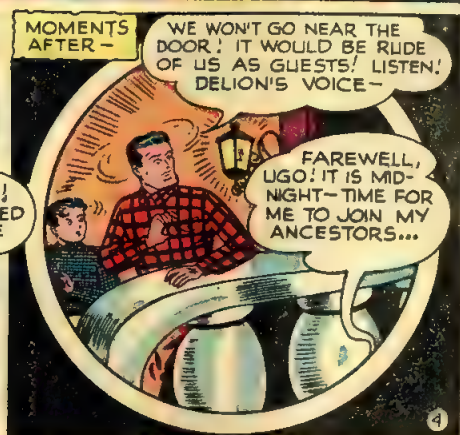
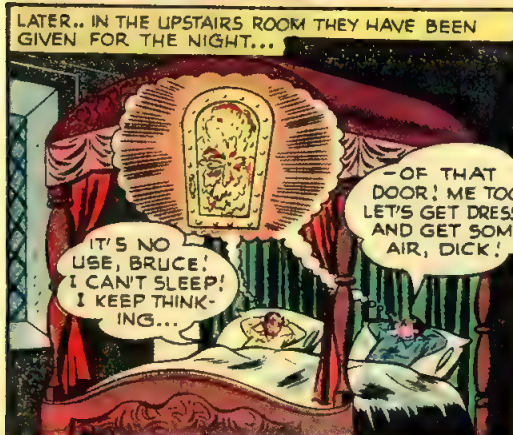
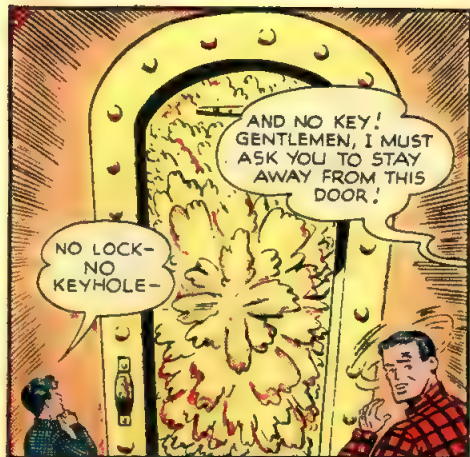


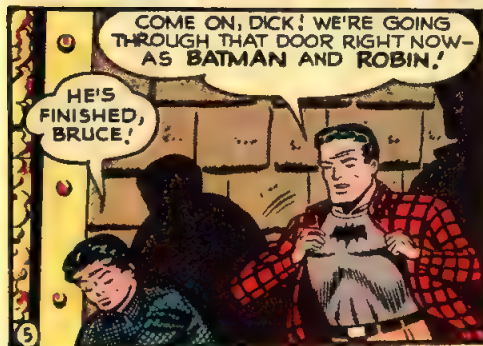
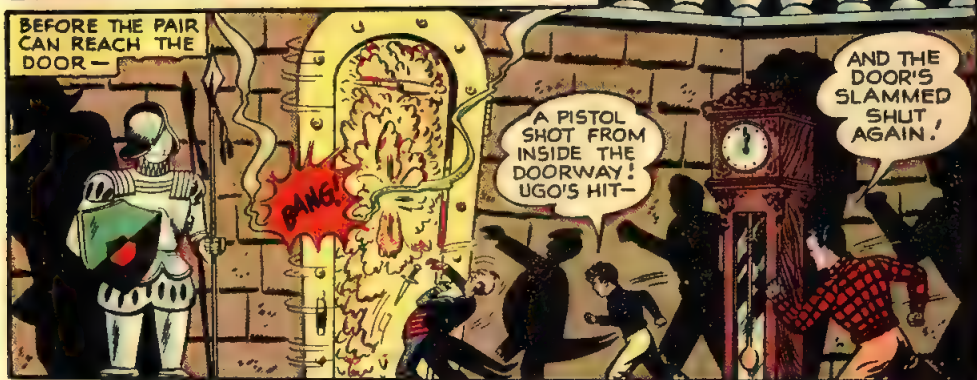
BRUCE, LOOK! AN ANCIENT SPANISH CASTLE—HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EVERGLADES!

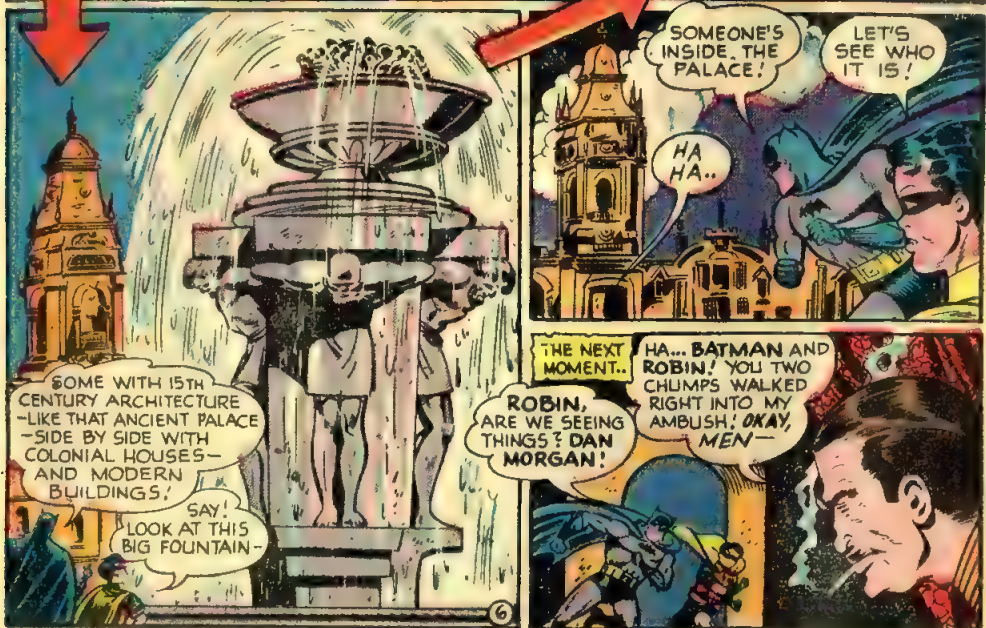
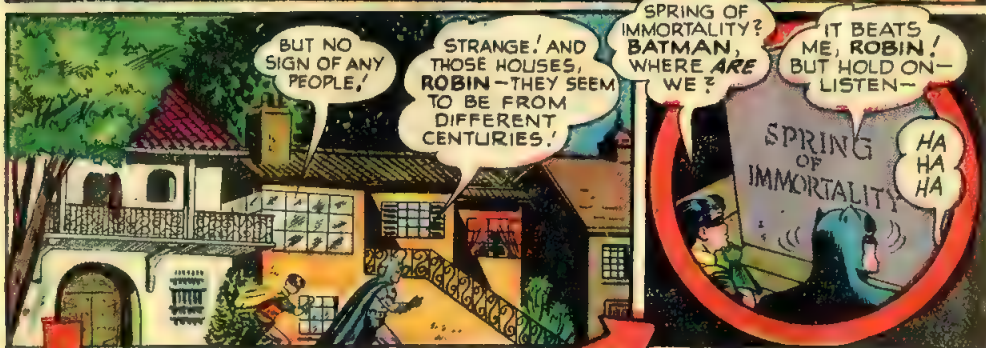
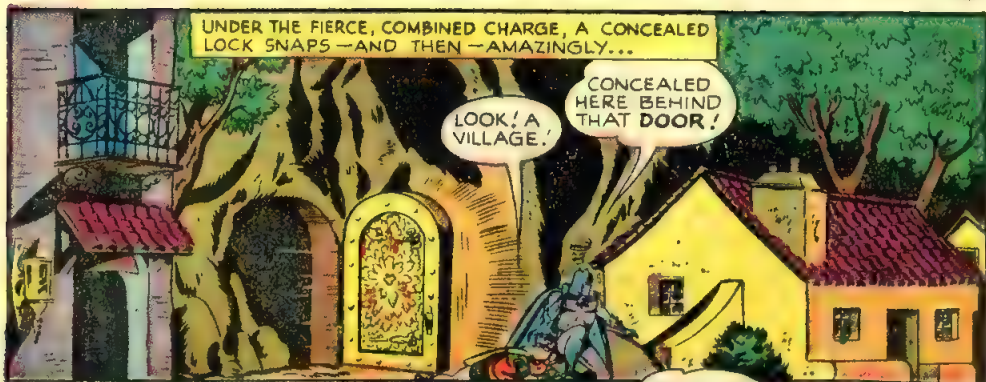


WHUEW! PROBABLY THE HIDE-AWAY OF SOME ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, DICK! I HOPE SOMEONE'S HOME TO GIVE US DIRECTIONS..

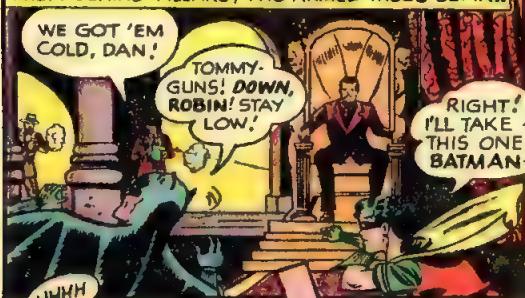




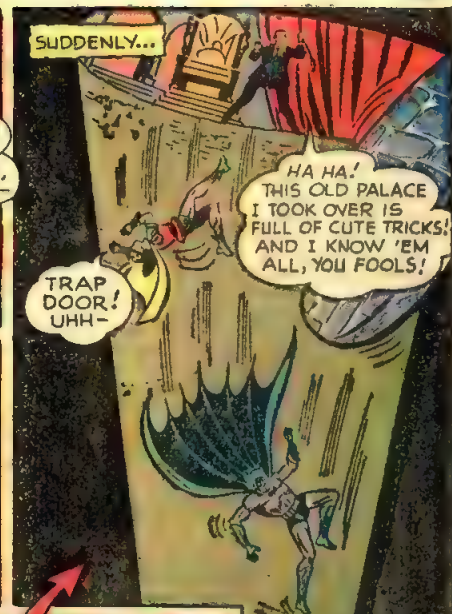




FROM BEHIND PILLARS, TWO ARMED THUGS JUMP...



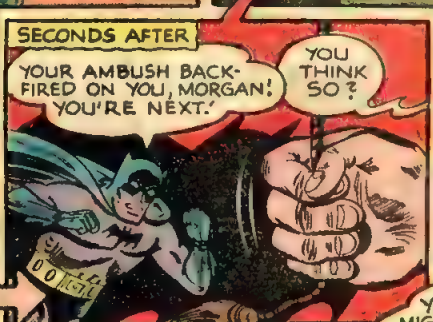
SUDDENLY...



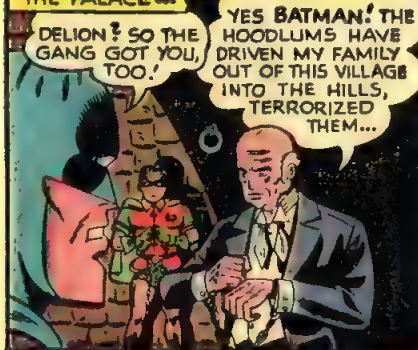
SECONDS AFTER

YOUR AMBUSH BACK-FIRED ON YOU, MORGAN! YOU'RE NEXT!

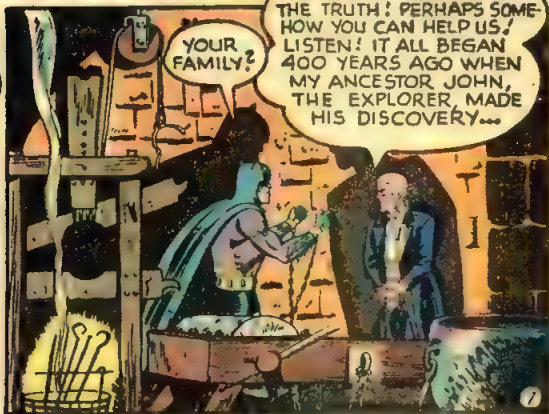
YOU THINK SO?



LATER, WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN COME TO... IN A DUNGEON UNDER THE PALACE...



YOU TWO MIGHT AS WELL HEAR THE TRUTH! PERHAPS SOME HOW YOU CAN HELP US! LISTEN! IT ALL BEGAN 400 YEARS AGO WHEN MY ANCESTOR JOHN, THE EXPLORER, MADE HIS DISCOVERY...



"HE SEARCHED FOR YEARS HERE IN FLORIDA! THEN ONE DAY..."



I HAVE FOUND IT—THE SPRING OF ETERNAL LIFE THAT THE ANCIENT BOOKS DESCRIBE! EUREKA!

THIS DOOR SHALL HAVE NO LOCK OR KEY, WIFE! BUT IN YEARS TO COME, WHEN A DELION REACHES THE AGE OF 60, THE DOOR SHALL OPEN FOR HIM FROM THE INSIDE—AND HE WILL JOIN US IN THE IMMORTAL VALLEY—FOREVER!

"JOHN BROUGHT HIS FAMILY TO THE SPOT, AND BUILT A CASTLE JUST OUTSIDE THE VALLEY—WITH A GREAT DOOR AS THE BARRIER BETWEEN THE TWO..."



"CENTURIES PASSED! COUNTLESS GENERATIONS OF DELIONS SAT SIDE BY SIDE AT THE GREAT DINING TABLE IN THIS PALACE..."



GREAT ANCESTOR JOHN IS 450 YEARS OLD TODAY! A TOAST TO HIM!

LESS NOISE DOWN THERE FROM YOU "YOUNGSTERS" WHO ARE ONLY 200 OR 300 YEARS OLD!"

"MY TURN CAME LAST NIGHT! THEN I LEARNED THAT RUTHLESS MEN HAD INVADED THIS PEACEFUL REFUGE OF MY ANCESTORS!"

SOON AFTER...

TAKING ROBIN OUT? IF YOU THUDS HURT HIM—

ODDLY WORRIED, BATMAN'S BRAIN BEGINS TO WORK FURIOUSLY...

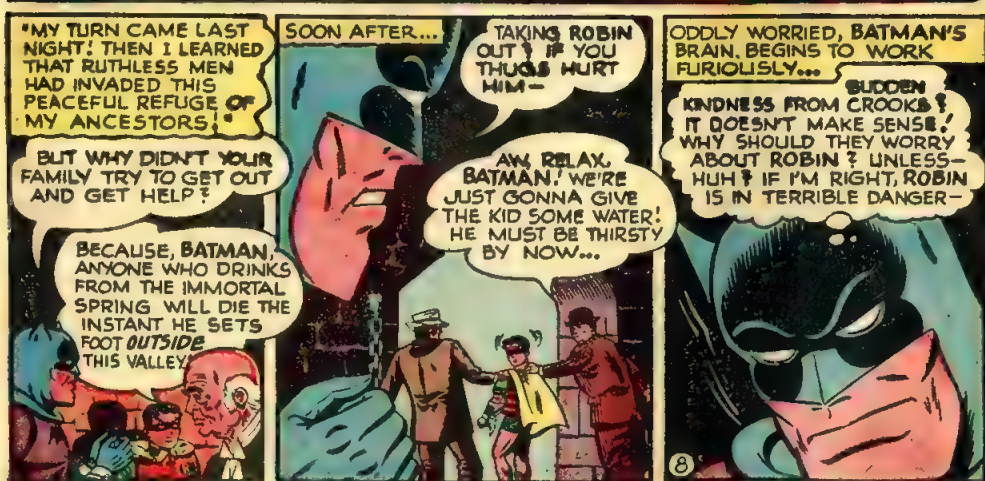
BUT WHY DIDN'T YOUR FAMILY TRY TO GET OUT AND GET HELP?

SUDDEN

KINDNESS FROM CROOKS? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY SHOULD THEY WORRY ABOUT ROBIN? UNLESS—HUH? IF I'M RIGHT, ROBIN IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER—

BECAUSE, BATMAN, ANYONE WHO DRINKS FROM THE IMMORTAL SPRING WILL DIE THE INSTANT HE SETS FOOT OUTSIDE THIS VALLEY.

AW, RELAX, BATMAN. WE'RE JUST GONNA GIVE THE KID SOME WATER! HE MUST BE THIRSTY BY NOW...



AT THAT MOMENT—
IN THE PALACE
ABOVE...

HERE! THIS
SHOWS YOU WE
CROOKS AIN'T
SUCH BAD GUYS,
KIDDO—

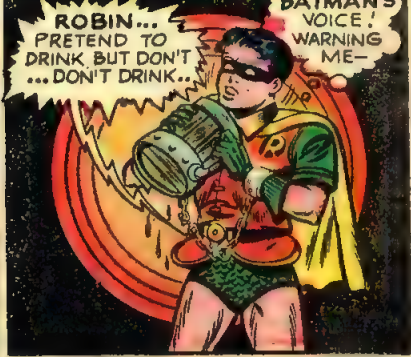
UH—
THANKS!
I AM
THIRSTY—



BUT AS ROBIN RAISES THE KEG...FROM
HIS BELT RADIO COME FAINT SIGNALS...

ROBIN...
PRETEND TO
DRINK BUT DON'T
...DON'T DRINK...

BATMAN'S
VOICE!
WARNING
ME—



THE NEXT SECOND...

OOPS!
SORRY—
THESE
SHACKLES—



FORGET IT!
I'LL FILL UP
ANOTHER
GLASS FOR
YOU—



THEN...

HA HA! HE DRAINED EVERY
DROP! IT'LL BE THE FINISH OF
THAT LITTLE FOOL! TAKE
HIM BACK TO THE CELL—

OKAY,
DAN!



DROPPING THAT
GLASS GAVE ME
JUST THE SECOND
I NEEDED TO SLIP
THIS VASE UNDER
MY JACKET—SO THAT
THE WATER WENT
INTO ITS MOUTH—
INSTEAD OF MINE.

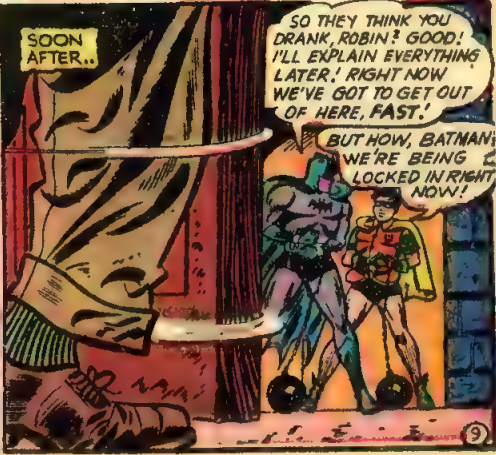
BUT AS
ROBIN IS
LED BELOW..

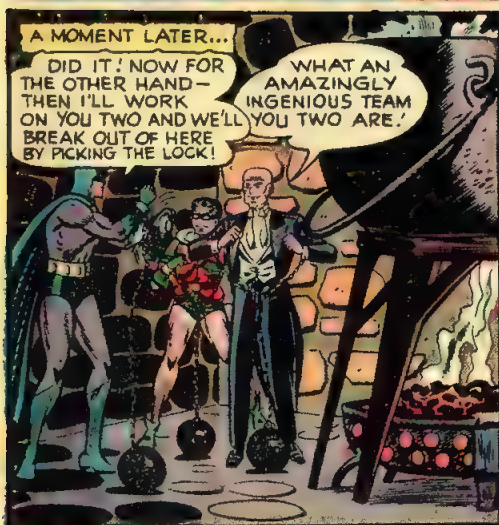
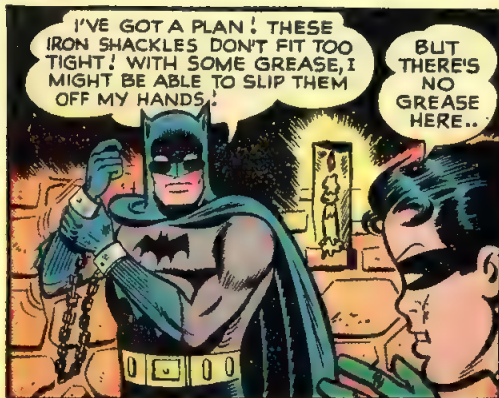


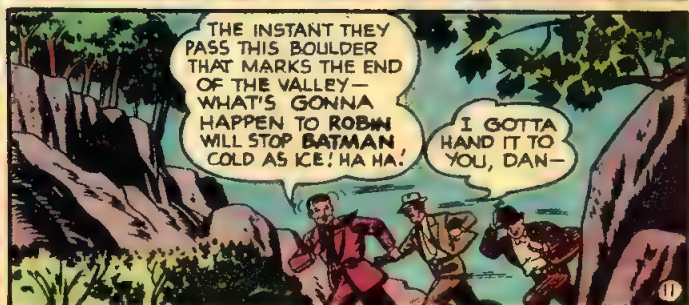
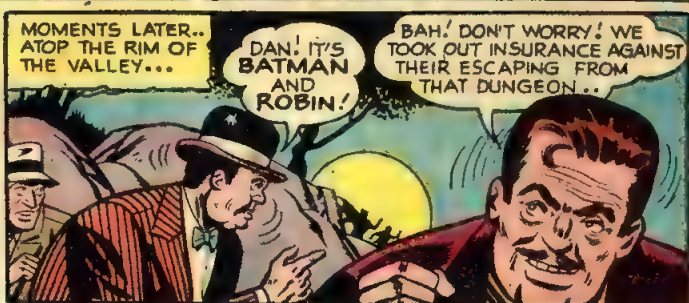
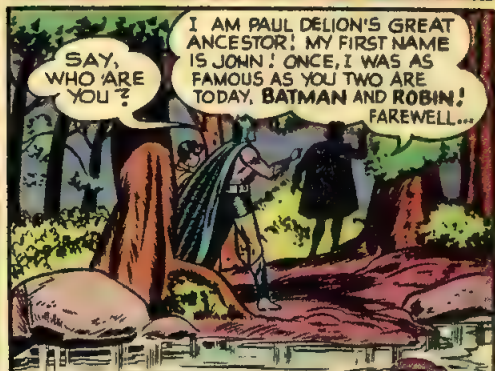
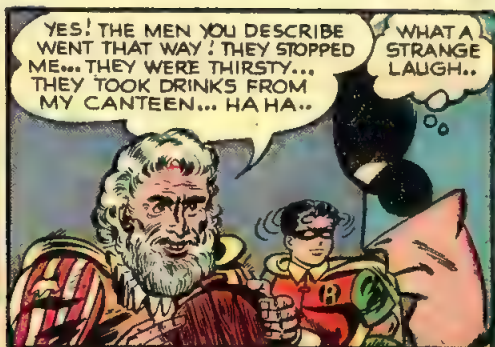
SOON
AFTER...

SO THEY THINK YOU
DRANK, ROBIN? GOOD!
I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING
LATER! RIGHT NOW
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE, FAST!

BUT HOW, BATMAN?
WE'RE BEING
LOCKED IN RIGHT
NOW!







THE NEXT SECOND—SUDDENLY...

AT THEM ROBIN! HUH? LOOK—

HA HA! YOU FOOLS! ROBIN DRANK WATER FROM THE IMMORTAL... THE—

THEN...

I THINK I KNOW, ROBIN... THAT STRANGE FELLOW JOHN—THEY DRANK FROM HIS CANTEN—

DEAD! ALL THREE OF THEM, BUT—WHAT KILLED THEM, BATMAN?



YOU MEAN—?

YES! JOHN REVENGED HIS FAMILY ON THE CROOKS! DELION SAID ANYONE WHO DRANK THE IMMORTAL SPRING WATER WOULD DIE THE INSTANT HE LEFT THE VALLEY!

LATER... AFTER THE DEAD CROOKS HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, BATMAN AND ROBIN USE THE BATPLANE TO RETURN TO THE VALLEY—BUT...

INCREDIBLE! NO SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE AROUND HERE!

DELION'S CASTLE—THE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY—IT'S ALL VANISHED—AS IF WE SAW IT IN A DREAM!

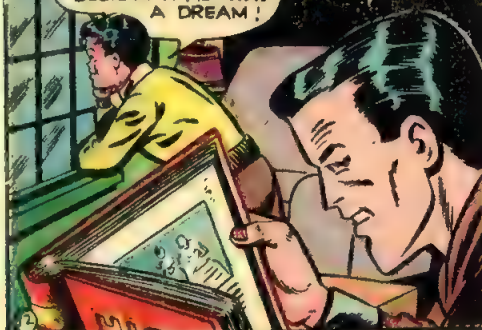
STILL LATER... BACK IN GOTHAM CITY.

DON'T BET ON IT, DICK! I'VE BEEN DOING A BIT OF RESEARCH, AND LOOK WHAT I'VE DUG UP—

YOU KNOW, BRUCE, I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE IT ALL WAS A DREAM!

400 YEARS AGO, PONCE DE LEON SOUGHT THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IN FLORIDA, BUT NEVER FOUND IT...

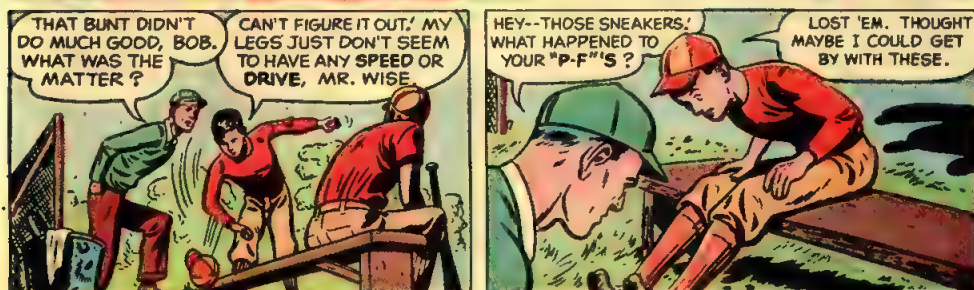
MAYBE... HE DID FIND IT, DICK! BECAUSE HERE'S WHAT I'VE LEARNED... PONCE DE LEON WAS HIS LAST NAME—HIS FIRST NAME WAS JOHN!



YOUR FAVORITE DETECTIVE TEAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN, ALSO STAR IN—
DETECTIVE COMICS AND WORLD'S FINEST COMICS!

CHAMP to CHUMP-AND BACK AGAIN

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

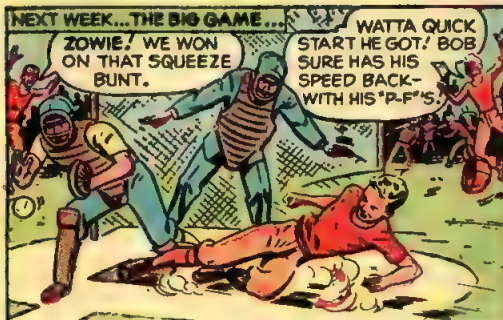


WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F" HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F." MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



MAN OF DARING

HE WORSHIPPED SPEED!

GAR WOOD'S NAME WAS SYNONYMOUS WITH SPEED BOAT RACING. HE SET THE STYLE AND MANY OF THE RULES. GAR WAS THE FIRST HUMAN TO TRAVEL 100 MILES AN HOUR ON WATER!

ONCE, HE BEAT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK IN HIS SMALL BOAT, BABY GAR IV!

CHOP UP THE FURNITURE, SON!

GAR WAS

RAISED ON THRILLS. HIS FATHER WAS A FERRY BOAT CAPTAIN ON LAKE OSAKIS, MINNESOTA. HE AND HIS DAD USED TO RACE A RIVAL FERRY TO THEIR HARBOR. ONCE, IN THE MIDST OF A RACE, THEY RAN OUT OF FUEL. RATHER THAN BE BEATEN THE OLD MAN HAD YOUNG GAR BREAK UP THE FURNITURE FOR FUEL!

GAR WAS A FINE MECHANIC AND INVENTED A HYDRAULIC HOIST FOR DUMP TRUCKS. IT MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE AND ENABLED HIM TO TAKE UP MOTOR BOAT RACING.

BUILDING HIS OWN BOATS, GAR BROKE ALL RECORDS. IN 1920 HE WON THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY FROM THE BRITISH AND HELD IT FOR YEARS. THE BRITISH SPENT \$9,000,000 TRYING TO GET IT BACK!

ONCE, WHEN HE HEARD HIS RECORD HAD BEEN BROKEN, HE YELLED, "I'LL KEEP THE RECORD IF I HAVE TO HOOK UP FOUR ENGINES. I'LL GO 135 MILES AN HOUR OR I'LL SINK HER!"

HE HAS RETIRED NOW BUT THE FANS STILL JUDGE PRESENT DAY RAGERS BY COMPARING THEM WITH GAR. HE WILL NOT SOON BE FORGOTTEN!

THEY'RE ALMOST AS GOOD AS GAR WOOD!

Gari Wood

WONDER DRUG



THE next time you look, with a certain amount of distaste, at a piece of bread that has turned moldy, remember that only a few years ago, a now famous doctor discovered that that same bread-mold was the clue to a life-saving drug!

Even ten years ago, death from infection was a common danger. Researchers were seeking a remedy which could kill harmful germs without injuring the body tissues as well. The first step toward mass germ-killing came with the sulfa drugs, developed and perfected during the past war. But sulfa had its limitations. The very power of its action sometimes reacted badly on the patients treated. Sulfa killed germs, but it often was a bad risk as a treatment.

What was needed, obviously, was a drug powerful enough to kill infection, yet so gentle that it might be given to infants and old people in any quantities desired, without danger.

And here is where our story takes on all the elements of a modern fairy tale.

Dr. Alexander Fleming was an obscure British doctor back in 1928. He worked in a small, old fashioned laboratory in a London hospital and his specialty was bacteriology—the study of germs which cause disease.

In that year of 1928, Dr. Fleming was working on the problem of developing different culture media for bacteria. Germs are extremely fussy things, and refuse to grow unless they are given food they like. When a doctor wishes to find out what particular germ or bacterium is causing a patient's illness, he takes the particular body fluid involved, and puts it in a culture dish. This dish is placed in a warm, dark place, and the germs immediately begin to grow. In a few days, they have produced

little round colonies, containing millions of microbes, which can then be studied under the microscope.

Very often there are many different kinds of germs present and varied colonies will appear on the culture plate. Since certain bacteria are more delicate than others, they may be completely obscured by the hardier varieties which *overgrow* them. What Dr. Fleming was trying to do was to find certain "foods" or culture media on which these delicate germs could thrive, but which would be distasteful to the other, hardier germs. This would allow for a much faster diagnosis of the infection present in the patient's body.

During the summer of 1928, Dr. Fleming was engrossed in the study of a common pus-forming microbe. He left some culture plates of this exposed to the air. A few days later, he noted that there were some *molds*, as well as germ colonies growing on the plates. Since molds are found in the air, this was hardly surprising. (Molds are tiny plants which cause mildew, ripen cheeses, and produce that green growth on old bread.)

Just as he was about to throw out the plates as useless on account of contamination, Dr. Fleming's keen eyes noticed a strange thing. Wherever the mold was growing, there were no bacterial colonies! His quick mind quickly caught the significance of this. The mold must produce some *powerful substance* which prevents bacterial growth.

Dr. Fleming immediately prepared a culture of this mold and called it a variety of *Penicillium*, a class of molds. From this first growth have descended most of the molds which are being used today to produce penicillin, for that

was the name he gave to his great discovery.

As soon as he had grown enough of these new colonies, Dr. Fleming tested them on cultures of many different kinds of germs. He found that a whole class of bacteria which cause many common illnesses were susceptible to the drug. He then conducted tests which *proved* that penicillin would destroy germs in the human body.

Dr. Fleming published his findings in a medical journal. Scientists were interested, but not convinced. For ten whole years, this great discovery received little attention. It was so startling that people couldn't accept it as being practical!

What was Dr. Fleming doing during these ten years in which his tremendous contribution to humanity was being neglected?

He was working with limited facilities and small funds. He did not have the means to prove the practical nature of penicillin. But he kept the strain going, and was able to conduct small experiments on animals, every one of which confirmed the amazing power of this

new drug in killing germs without harming the body. Tirelessly and almost desperately, he tried to interest his medical colleagues in his life saving drug, but all his entreaties fell on deaf ears.

As year after year went by, he became more and more discouraged, and his work fell into the obscurity of hundreds and thousands of other scientific findings, reported and forgotten.

Then came the war. In a race against time to save thousands of war injured, medical authorities finally came around to trying Dr. Fleming's miracle drug. The rest is medical history. Penicillin came to be on every battle front, saving countless lives. Today, almost every family may owe a debt to Dr. Fleming.

After long years of despair and obscurity, Dr. Fleming has received his recognition. Better late than never. He is more fortunate than many other discoverers, who died before the world could pay them honor. For here is a man whose discovery ranks with those of Pasteur, Ehrlich, and Darwin—and he lives amongst us today.



Message to Parents



IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

AVOID Chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

AVOID Over-Fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

AVOID Swimming in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

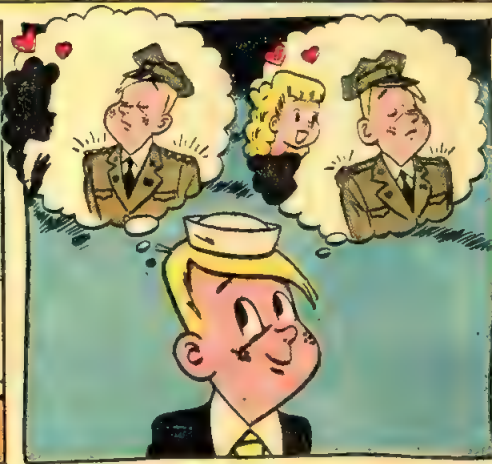
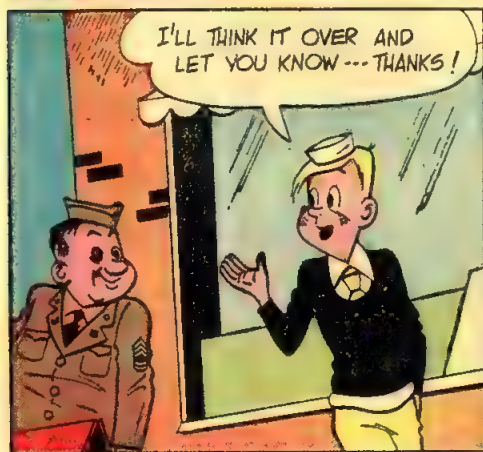
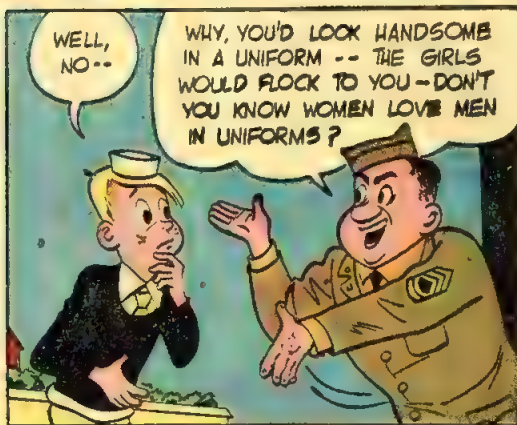
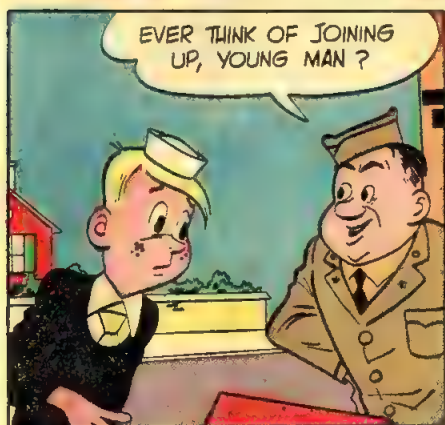
AVOID Crowds and New Contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

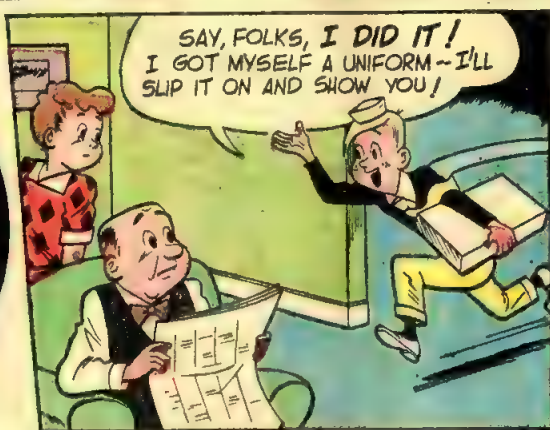
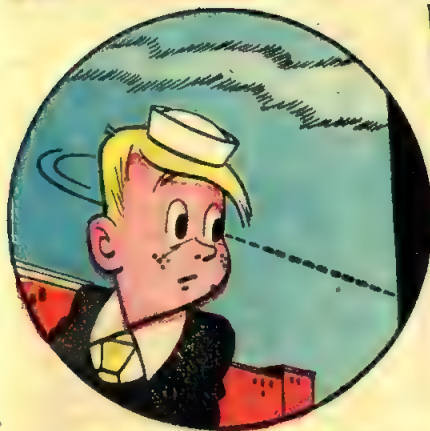
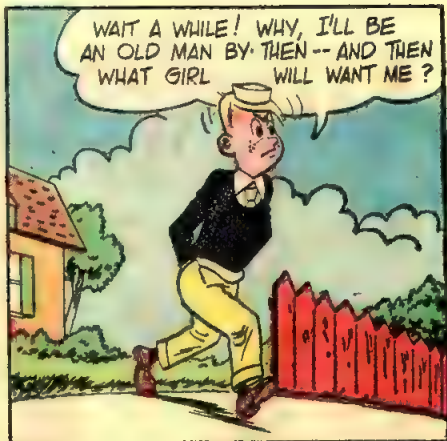
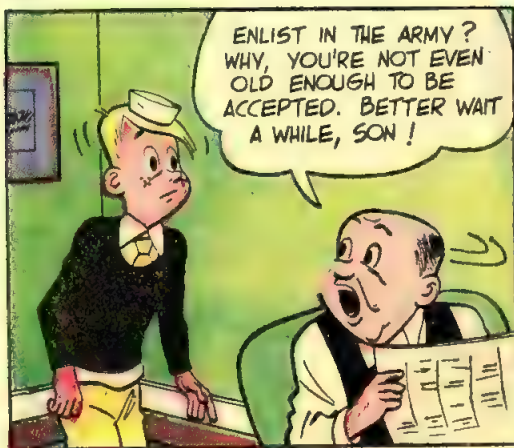
Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of head-ache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS





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A jet-model racer with split-second speed!

NO WINDING! NO
PUSHING! OPERATES
BY CATAPULT
ACTION!

ACTUAL SIZE SHOWN

METAL LAUNCHER
sets off the catapult
action. Insert, re-
lease, it's off — do
it with one hand!
Full instructions
come with the racer

TORPEDO BODY of bright,
durable plastic, with
metal axles, wheels of
contrasting color!

Race Them!
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Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

IT'S A WOW! A new, durable, plastic racing car that operates by catapult action! A bang-up hit with the kids and grownups who have seen it! A *genuine bargain for you and your friends!* For each jet-model racer, mail your name and full address with 20 cents and a Kellogg's Rice Krispies box top to: Kellogg's, Box 316, New York 8, N. Y. Order quickly! Order as many as you want!

USE THIS EASY COUPON!

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Yes, send me right away, (number) Jet-Model Racer(s). For each Racer I enclose 20 cents in coin and a separate top (marked "top") from a package of Kellogg's Rice Krispies.

Print all this:

Name

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City or RFD Zone State

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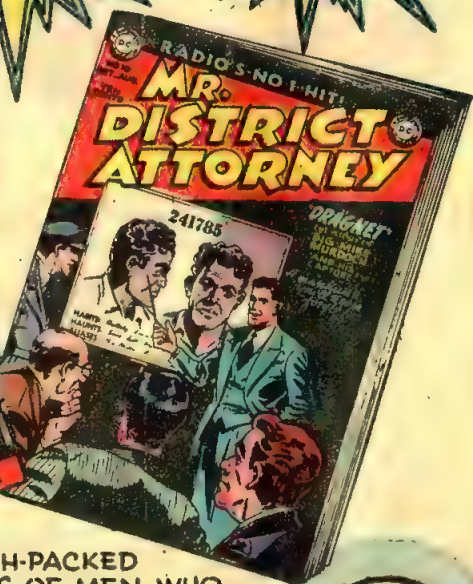


Everything YOU WANT IN A MAGAZINE!

DRAMA!

EXCITEMENT!

ACTION!



THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE-HISTORIES OF MEN WHO
TRIED TO BEAT THE LAW—AND
OF THE LAWYERS WHO BEAT!
THEM TO THE FINAL DRAW.



TOPS IN RADIO!
TOPS IN COMICS!

**52
PAGES**



BATMAN



BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

TWO MEN IN THE SAME CITY LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE, THOUGH THIS FACT IS KNOWN TO ONLY ONE! THE DAY COMES WHEN THIS ONE DECIDES: "THERE IS NOT ROOM ENOUGH IN THE WORLD FOR THE BOTH OF US! ONE OF US SHALL DIE!" AND THE EXECUTION OF THIS EVIL THOUGHT BRINGS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** IN TO BLOCK THE DOUBLE'S ENJOYMENT OF THE FRUITS OF HIS FOUL PLAY BY PROBING TO THE DEPTHS OF THE MYSTERY OF ...

"The Amazing Masquerade!"

JOE KANE

YOU IMPOSTOR!!
YOU'RE NOT THE *REAL*
GEORGE C. HUDSON—
I AM! THE MAN YOU
MURDERED!!



AS DUSK FALLS
ON GOTHAM
CITY...

A MAN NAMED JOHN
FOSTER PEERS INTO THE
HOME OF GEORGE C.
HUDSON. LET US WATCH
THIS FOSTER CLOSELY.
LET US EAVESDROP...
ON HIS THOUGHTS...

THERE HE IS—
GEORGE C. HUDSON!
CAN I GET AWAY
WITH IT? I MUST!
I MUST!

"THROUGH THE DOOR,
QUICKLY! I MUST TAKE
HIM BY SURPRISE,
KILL HIM QUICKLY..."

WHAT IS
THIS? WHY-WHY,
IT'S INCREDIBLE!
YOU—YOU LOOK
JUST LIKE
ME!

YES! BUT I NOTICED IT FOUR
YEARS AGO—AND EVER SINCE,
I'VE PLANNED TO KILL YOU,
AND TAKE YOUR PLACE!

"CAN'T USE A GUN—WOULD SPOIL
HIS CLOTHES, WHICH I NEED!
THIS GAS CAPSULE WILL BE PERFECT!"

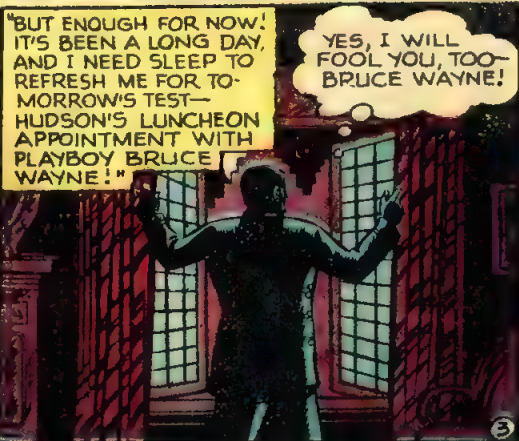
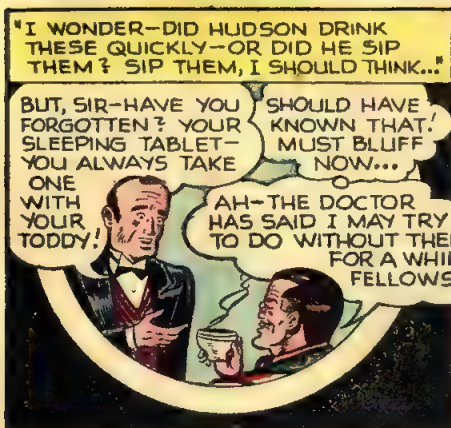
YOU'RE MAD!
(COUGH) YOU'LL
NEVER FOOL MY
SERVANTS, MY
FIANCEE, MY-MY
FRIENDS! (COUGH!)

BUT I WILL! THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW I'M NOT
THE REAL GEORGE C.
HUDSON, NOTED
ARCHITECT AND
DESIGNER OF
HOUSES!

IT'S DONE! NOW
TO DISPOSE OF THE
BODY—PUT ON HIS
CLOTHES...

(20 MINUTES LATER)
"MY NERVES—MUST
CONTROL MY NERVES!
THEY WON'T LOOK FOR
THE BODY—WHY SHOULD
THEY LOOK FOR THE
BODY? WAIT! A NOISE
IN THE DRIVEWAY..."

THAT WILL BE FELLOWS,
THE BUTLER RETURNING!
MY FIRST TEST! CAN
I FOOL HIM?





NEXT DAY... BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HAVE LUNCH WITH GEORGE C. HUDSON...

AND BRUCE IS THINKING: "HOPE HUDSON CAN FIX US A NICE BUNGALOW FOR THE SUMMER. DICK COULD STAND A VACATION..." THEN - "WAIT! THAT MAN UP THERE!..."

THE "HUMAN SPIDER" MOB-LOOTING ANOTHER APARTMENT HOUSE! QUICK-INTO UNIFORM! WE'LL GET THEM FROM THE ADJOINING ROOF!

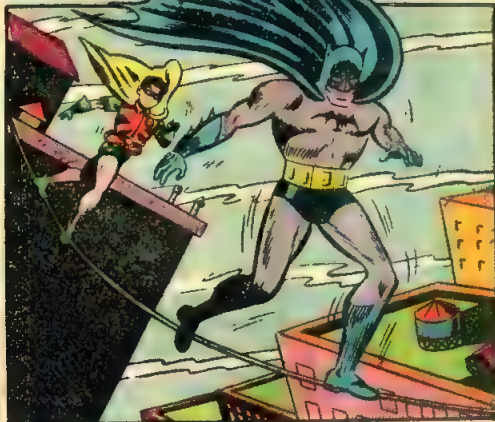


"SOMETHING'S ALWAYS POPPING, BUT THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE ROBIN AND ME VERY LONG..."

THEY'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER TOWER AND CAN'T SEE US FROM HERE. READY TO DO A LITTLE TIGHT-ROPE WALKING?



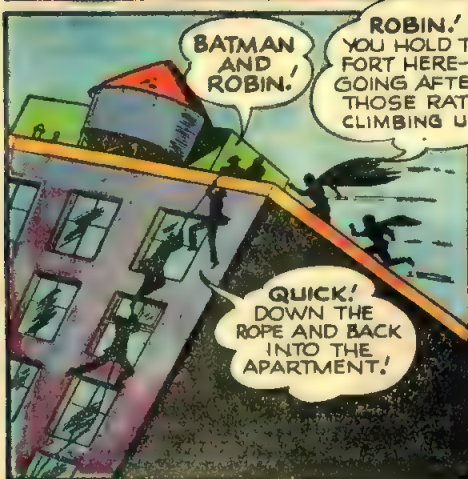
YOU BET!



BATMAN AND ROBIN!

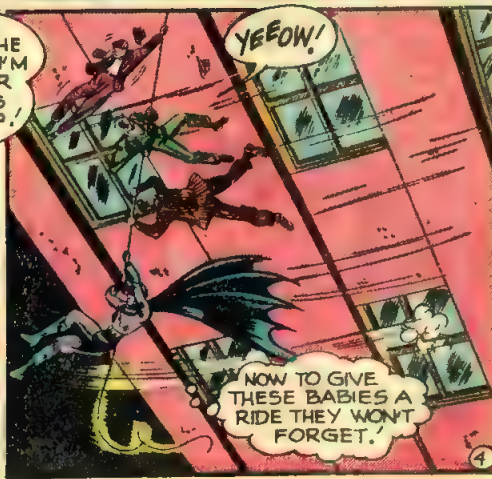
ROBIN! YOU HOLD THE FORT HERE-I'M GOING AFTER THOSE RATS CLIMBING UP!

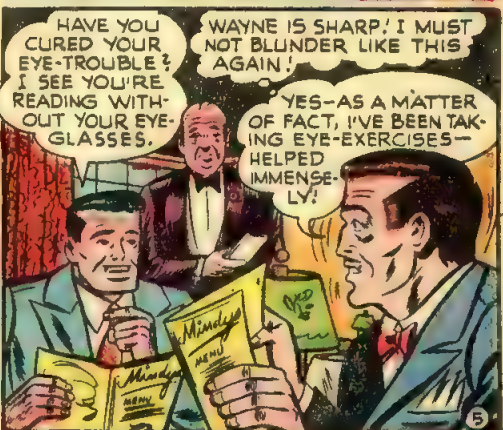
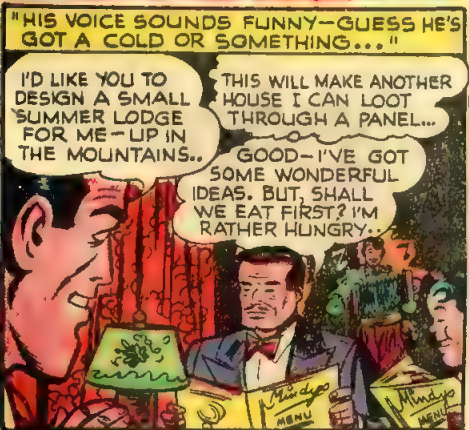
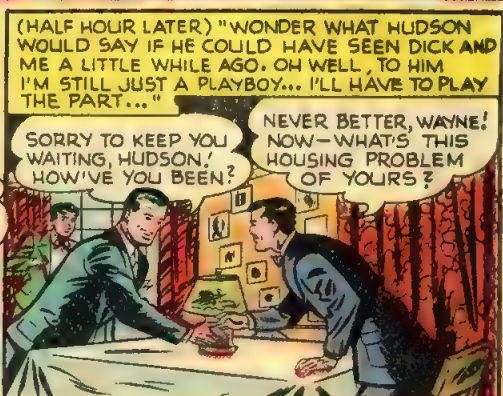
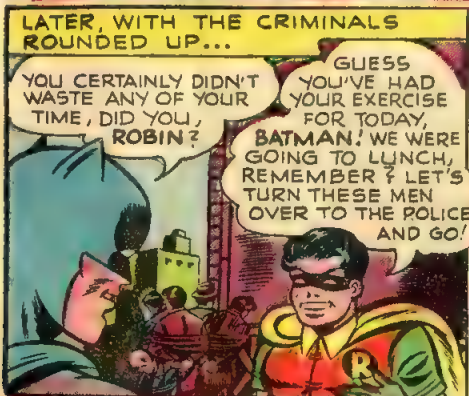
QUICK! DOWN THE ROPE AND BACK INTO THE APARTMENT!



YEEOW!

NOW TO GIVE THESE BABIES A RIDE THEY WON'T FORGET!







A CLOSE SHAVE FOR THE IMPOSTOR!
HE HAS FOOLED HIS BUTLER,
CHAUFFEUR AND BRUCE WAYNE—
BUT DANGER STILL LIES AHEAD!

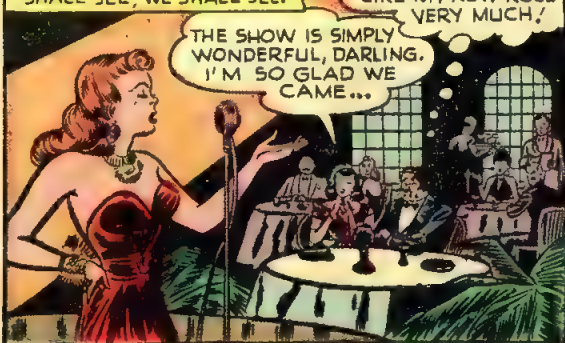
LITTLE MISTAKES—BUT THEY CAN
PILE UP AND CAUSE TROUBLE! I MUST
WATCH MYSELF—PARTICULARLY WITH
MARTHA, THE GIRL I'M SUPPOSED
TO MARRY!



"OUR FIRST DATE! THEY
SAY A WOMAN CAN'T BE
FOOLED ABOUT THE MAN
SHE LOVES—BUT WE
SHALL SEE, WE SHALL SEE!"

HUDSON HAD
EXCELLENT TASTE IN
SELECTING HIS FIANCEE
—I'M BEGINNING TO
LIKE MY NEW ROLE
VERY MUCH!

THE SHOW IS SIMPLY
WONDERFUL, DARLING.
I'M SO GLAD WE
CAME...

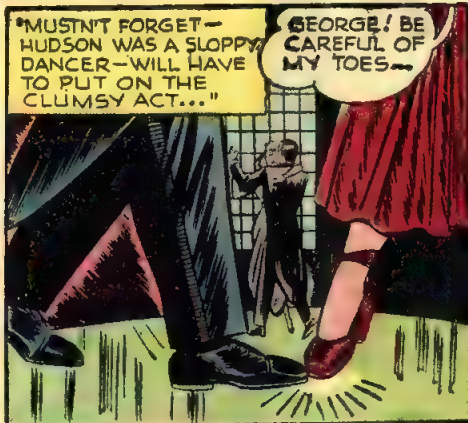


SHALL WE
DANCE,
DARLING?



"MUSTN'T FORGET—
HUDSON WAS A SLOPPY
DANCER—WILL HAVE
TO PUT ON THE
CLUMSY ACT..."

GEORGE! BE
CAREFUL OF
MY TOES...



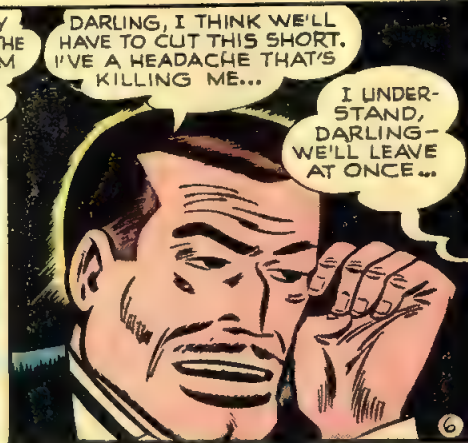
I THINK YOU'D
BE JUST ABOUT
PERFECT, GEORGE,
IF YOU EVER
LEARNED HOW
TO DANCE...

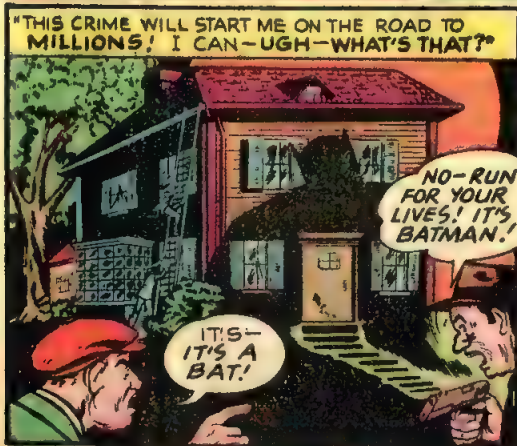
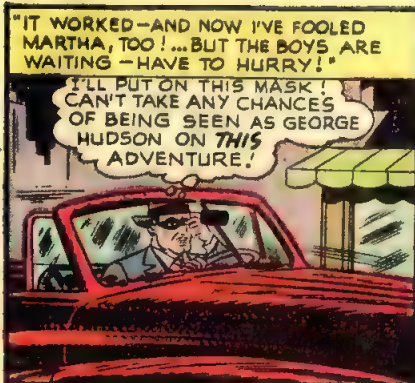
AH—IF YOU ONLY KNEW, MY
DARLING, THAT I'M ONE OF THE
BEST DANCERS IN GOTHAM
CITY! BUT, NO—I MUST
STAY IN CHARACTER...




DARLING, I THINK WE'LL
HAVE TO CUT THIS SHORT.
I'VE A HEADACHE THAT'S
KILLING ME...

I UNDER-
STAND,
DARLING—
WE'LL LEAVE
AT ONCE...







HE'S PUSHED
THE LADDER!
WE'RE FALLING!

HOLD ON—
AND BE READY
TO JUMP WHEN
I TELL YOU!

HAW!
HAW!




JUMP NOW—
I'LL HOLD IT
STEADY!

RIGHT!



NEED ANY
HELP?

YOU MIGHT
JUST LEND THE
FINISHING
TOUCH!

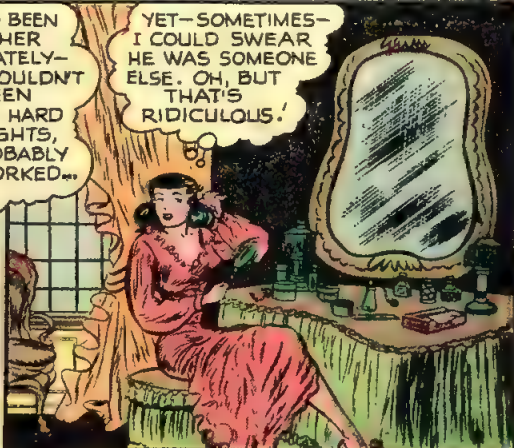


I CAN GET AWAY NOW, BUT
BLAST THEM, THEY'VE RUINED
A PERFECT NIGHT!

A FEW DAYS PASS—AND THE MASQUERADE CONTINUES. BUT WHAT DOES MARTHA THINK—HAS SHE NOTICED ANYTHING? NOW WE STUDY HER AS SHE WRESTLES WITH A DIFFICULT PROBLEM...

GEORGE **HAS** BEEN ACTING RATHER STRANGE LATELY—BUT WHY SHOULDNT HE? HE'S BEEN WORKING VERY HARD—SO MANY NIGHTS, TOO—HE'S PROBABLY JUST OVERWORKED...

YET—SOMETIMES—I COULD SWEAR HE WAS SOMEONE ELSE. OH, BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



(AN HOUR LATER)
"THERE IT IS AGAIN—THE WAY HE SQUEEZED MY HAND. GEORGE NEVER USED TO DO THAT...OH, I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS..."

DARLING, YOU NEVER LOOKED MORE BEAUTIFUL...



"I KNOW—WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? THAT TINY SCAR UNDER HIS WRISTWATCH STRAP—THAT SHOULD DRIVE THOSE SILLY DOUBTS OUT OF MY HEAD..."

GEORGE, COULD I BORROW YOUR WRISTWATCH A MOMENT? THE KITCHEN CLOCK'S BROKEN AND I WANT TO TIME SOMETHING IN THE OVEN...

CERTAINLY.



"WHY—IT'S THERE—IT'S THERE!"

DARLING—WHAT'S THE MATTER—WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LUCKY THING I WENT OVER HUDSON'S BODY WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB, LOOKING FOR THINGS JUST LIKE THAT SCAR. MY COLLODION REPLICA FOOLED HER COMPLETELY!

I HAD SOME CRAZY IDEA YOU—YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE. I THOUGHT I'D CHECK BY LOOKING FOR THAT SCAR ON YOUR WRIST. OH, GEORGE—PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

THERE, THERE, DARLING—IT'S NOTHING...

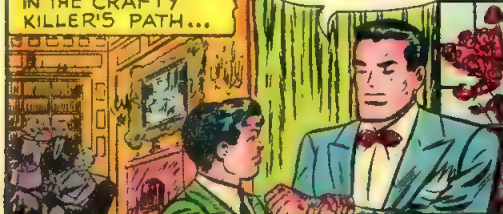
OH, GEORGE, GEORGE! HOW COULD I HAVE DOUBTED YOU!





A WOMAN'S DOUBTS ARE FOREVER DISPELLED—BUT BRUCE WAYNE, WHILE NOT YET SUSPICIOUS, IS STILL AN OBSTACLE IN THE CRAFTY KILLER'S PATH...

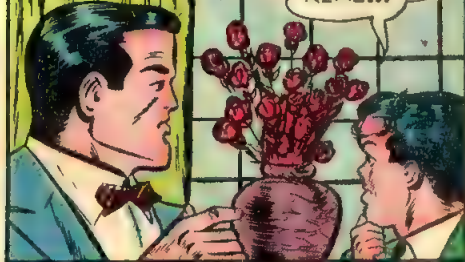
HUDSON IS DUE HERE AT ANY MOMENT, DICK, TO DISCUSS THE SUMMER COTTAGE. IT'S NEARLY FINISHED...



YET, WILL BRUCE, TOO, BE COMPLETELY FOOLED? ONCE AGAIN, WE PLUNGE INTO THE SWIFT CURRENTS OF THE FAMED LAWMAN'S BRILLIANT MIND...

INCIDENTALLY, DICK—THOSE ARE NOT REAL FLOWERS, ALTHOUGH THEY CERTAINLY LOOK IT. THEY'RE MADE OF SOME NEW PLASTIC AND PLACED ALL OVER THE CLUB TODAY. THE STEWARD TOLD ME ABOUT THEM.

THEY *DO* LOOK REAL...



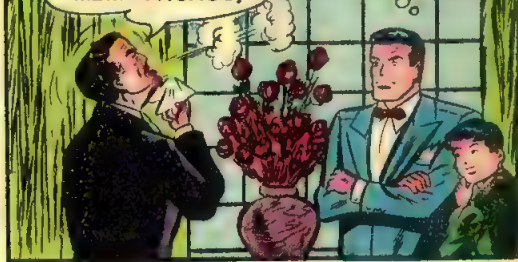
"HUDSON WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THESE FLOWERS. AS I RECALL, HE'S TERRIBLY ALLERGIC TO REAL ROSES..."

OH, HERE HE COMES NOW...



KERCHOO! KERCHOO! SORRY, WAYNE—BUT YOU KNOW HOW ALLERGIC I AM TO ROSES! LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE... THESE ARE KILLING ME... KERCHOO!

THAT'S FUNNY—HE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT, BUT WHY? HMMM—THIS IS SERIOUS!



(LATER) "IT'S CRAZY—BUT IT ADDS UP! HIS VOICE—HIS HABITS—THAT BUSINESS OF READING WITHOUT EYEGLASSES—AND NOW THESE FLOWERS..."

YOU SEE, DICK—WHY WOULD A MAN WHO'S ALLERGIC TO ROSES SNEEZE AT PLASTIC IMITATIONS—UNLESS THAT MAN WAS NOT REALLY ALLERGIC BUT WAS PLAYING A PART, AND DIDN'T REALIZE THE FLOWERS WERE FAKE?

YOU MEAN HUDSON ISN'T REALLY HUDSON?! BUT THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE—AND HOW CAN YOU EVER PROVE IT?



BUT, MEANWHILE, FATE STEPS IN TO CHILL THE HEART OF THE MAD MASQUERADER!

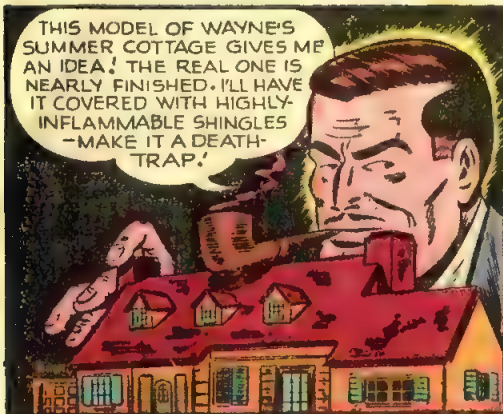
FAKE ROSES! AND WAYNE KNEW! WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO SNEEZE! NOW WAYNE *MUST* SUSPECT SOMETHING! I CANNOT TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES—I *MUST* KILL HIM!

NO, REALLY! THOSE ARE PLASTIC ROSES—SOMETHING NEW. BRUCE WAYNE TOLD ME ABOUT THEM TODAY...





THIS MODEL OF WAYNE'S SUMMER COTTAGE GIVES ME AN IDEA! THE REAL ONE IS NEARLY FINISHED. I'LL HAVE IT COVERED WITH HIGHLY-INFLAMMABLE SHINGLES - MAKE IT A DEATH-TRAP!



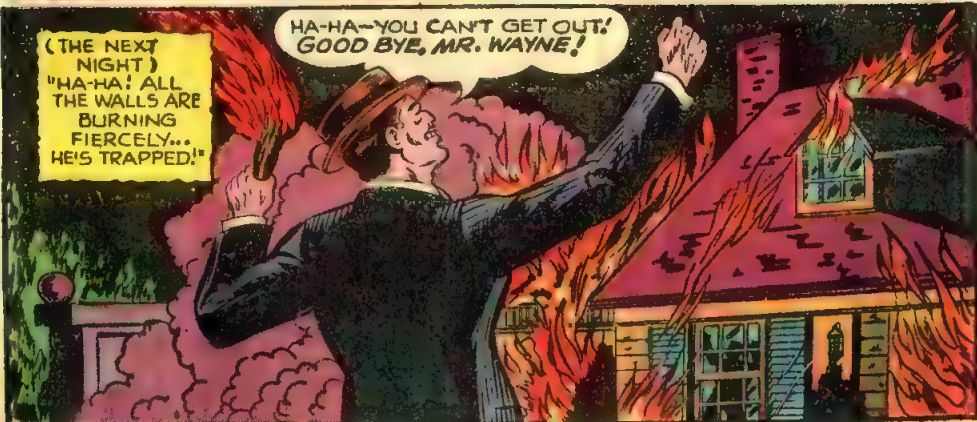
(A FEW DAYS LATER) "IT'S FINISHED! THOSE SHINGLES WILL BURN LIKE GASOLINE!"

WAYNE IS DUE HERE TOMORROW NIGHT TO SPEND THE WEEK-END. IT WILL BE HIS LAST!



(THE NEXT NIGHT)
"HA-HA! ALL THE WALLS ARE BURNING FIERCELY... HE'S TRAPPED!"

HA-HA-YOU CAN'T GET OUT! GOOD BYE, MR. WAYNE!



(AN HOUR LATER) "THE LAST OBSTACLE REMOVED! IT'S CLEAR SAILING FROM NOW ON! WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?..."

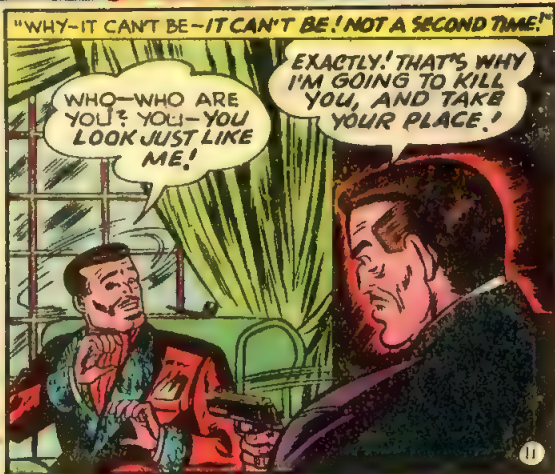
I'M SURE I HEARD A NOISE OVER THERE...



"WHY-IT CAN'T BE-IT CAN'T BE! NOT A SECOND TIME!"

WHO-WHO ARE YOU? YOU-LOOK JUST LIKE ME!

EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, AND TAKE YOUR PLACE!





"NO-NO! THIS IS CRAZY! HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'M NOT THE REAL HUDSON!"



WAIT! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M NOT THE REAL HUDSON!

I DID THE SAME THING YOU'RE DOING - I'VE ALREADY KILLED THE REAL HUDSON! LOOK - WE CAN MAKE A DEAL - BE PARTNERS...

DID YOU HEAR THAT, COMMISSIONER GORDON? COME ON IN!



YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, WHOEVER YOU ARE, FOR THE MURDER OF GEORGE C. HUDSON!

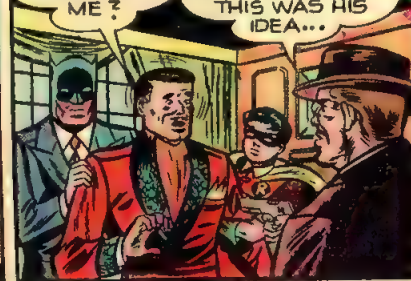
COMMISSIONER GORDON - ROBIN - AND BATMAN. I'VE BEEN TRICKED!

BY JUST A HUNCH - AND A LITTLE RUBBER MASK!



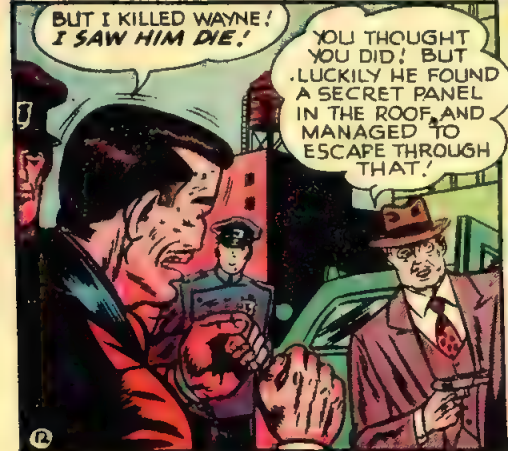
I DON'T UNDERSTAND - HOW DID YOU GET ON TO ME?

BRUCE WAYNE TIPPED ME OFF A LITTLE WHILE AGO. I CALLED ON BATMAN TO SMOKE YOU OUT. THIS WAS HIS IDEA...



BUT I KILLED WAYNE! I SAW HIM DIE!

YOU THOUGHT YOU DID! BUT LUCKILY HE FOUND A SECRET PANEL IN THE ROOF, AND MANAGED TO ESCAPE THROUGH THAT!



LATER, IN THE BATCAVE TROPHY ROOM...

YES - IF I HADN'T STUMBLED ON THAT SECRET PANEL THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT END TO THIS STORY. HE BUILT THAT PANEL, AS HE BUILT ALL THE OTHERS, TO FURTHER HIS CRIMES. BUT IN THE END, IT WAS HIS UNDOING!



HE'S SMALL, BUT HE'S DYNAMITE WHEN HE BECOMES A DETECTIVE!
SEE ROBIN THE BOY WONDER IN STAR SPANGLED COMICS

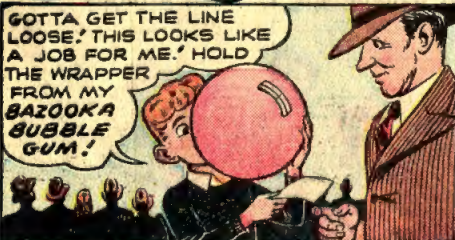
Bazooka

THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY

PLANE DARING

**6 BIG CHEWS
FOR 5¢**

GOTTA GET THE LINE LOOSE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ME! HOLD THE WRAPPER FROM MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM!

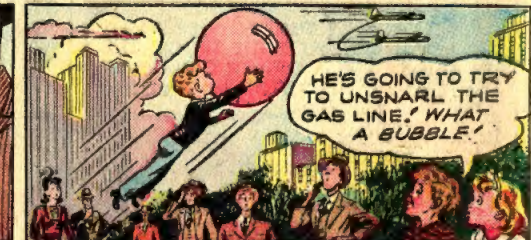
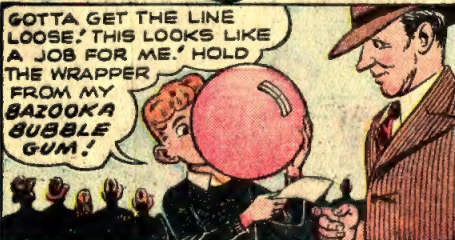


WHAT'S UP? WHY IS EVERYBODY WATCHING THE SKY?

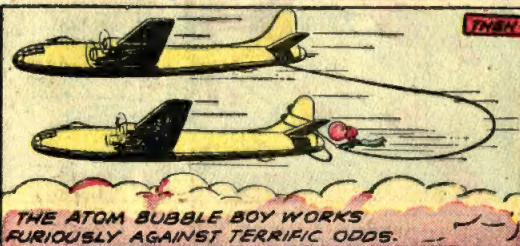


THAT'S THE ROUND-THE-WORLD PLANE! THE LINE TO THE REFUELING PLANE IS SNARLED! THEY'RE STUCK TOGETHER!

IF THEY DON'T GET FREE, THEY'LL CRASH!



HE'S GOING TO TRY TO UNSNARL THE GAS LINE! WHAT A BUBBLE!



THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY WORKS FURIOUSLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS.

GREAT WORK! YOU'LL READ YOUR NAME IN THE PAPERS FOR THIS!



DON'T GIVE ME ALL THE CREDIT -- I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM!



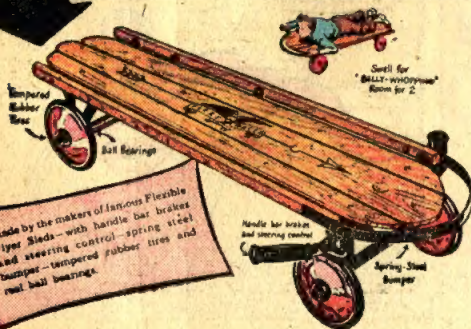
HAPPY LANDING!

NOW TO GET BACK DOWN! AKOOZAB!

HE DID IT! THE PLANES ARE FREE!

PARDON ME!

400 'FLEXY RACERS' GIVEN!



Made by the makers of famous Flexible Flyer Sleds—with handle bar brakes and steering control—spring steel bumper—tempered rubber tires and real ball bearings.

Small for "Belly-Whopper" Room for 2

I forgot to tell all you boys and girls who entered my "Birthday Contest" to send along, in 25 words or less, the reasons why you selected the date you gave. Just send your reasons on a penny postcard. No wrapper needed. Prizes will be awarded for best statements—not for date guessed.

If you haven't entered: Guess my birthday (month, day, year, hour) and send it with your reasons for selection in 25 words or less, plus a Bazooka wrapper or facsimile. Prizes will be awarded for reasons why you think Bazooka Boy's age, as you give it, appeals to most readers of comics.

Flexy Racers awarded to the 400 best statements. Send to Bazooka, Box 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

SUPERMAN *on* SAFETY FIRST!

HIGH ABOVE A BUSY STREET, SUPERMAN SIGHTS IMPENDING DISASTER!

THAT BOY—IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK! THE DRIVER CAN NEVER STOP IN TIME!

A HURLING DIVE... AND THE MAN OF STEEL WHISKS THE YOUTH FROM THE PATH OF DANGER!

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

GEE, TH-THANKS, SUPERMAN! IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU WERE AROUND!

DON'T DEPEND ON LUCK! I MAY NOT BE AROUND NEXT TIME! JUST BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU CROSS A STREET!

32,300 PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND 1,150,000 INJURED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS IN A SINGLE YEAR! MANY CASUALTIES WERE DUE TO CARELESS, OR RECKLESS DRIVERS...

... BUT MANY OTHER ACCIDENTS ARE CAUSED BY JAYWALKING PEDESTRIANS. LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE YOU CROSS A STREET! AND NEVER CROSS AGAINST A RED LIGHT!

TWO PEOPLE ARE KILLED OR INJURED EVERY MINUTE! IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU — IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW SAFETY RULES!



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Watch for Wakely!

CAN YOU HEAR
THE STRAINS OF A
ROMANTIC WESTERN
SONG DRIFTING
ACROSS THE
MOONLIT PRAIRIE?

DO YOU HARKEN
TO THE THUNDER
OF APPROACHING
HOOFES?

THAT'S
**JIMMY
WAKELY**

—SENSATIONAL
WESTERN STAR
OF
MONOGRAM
PICTURES

—THE COWPOKE
WHO'S PACKING 'EM
IN ON PERSONAL
APPEARANCE
TOURS

—THE RADIO
WRANGLER WHO'S
KEEPING 'EM GLUED
TO THEIR SETS
—THE PLATTER WADDY
WHOSE RECORDS ARE
SELLING LIKE SIXTY!



AND NOW WE'VE GOT HIM
IN A COMICS MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN

IT'LL BE ON SALE SOON!
WATCH FOR IT! ASK FOR IT!

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